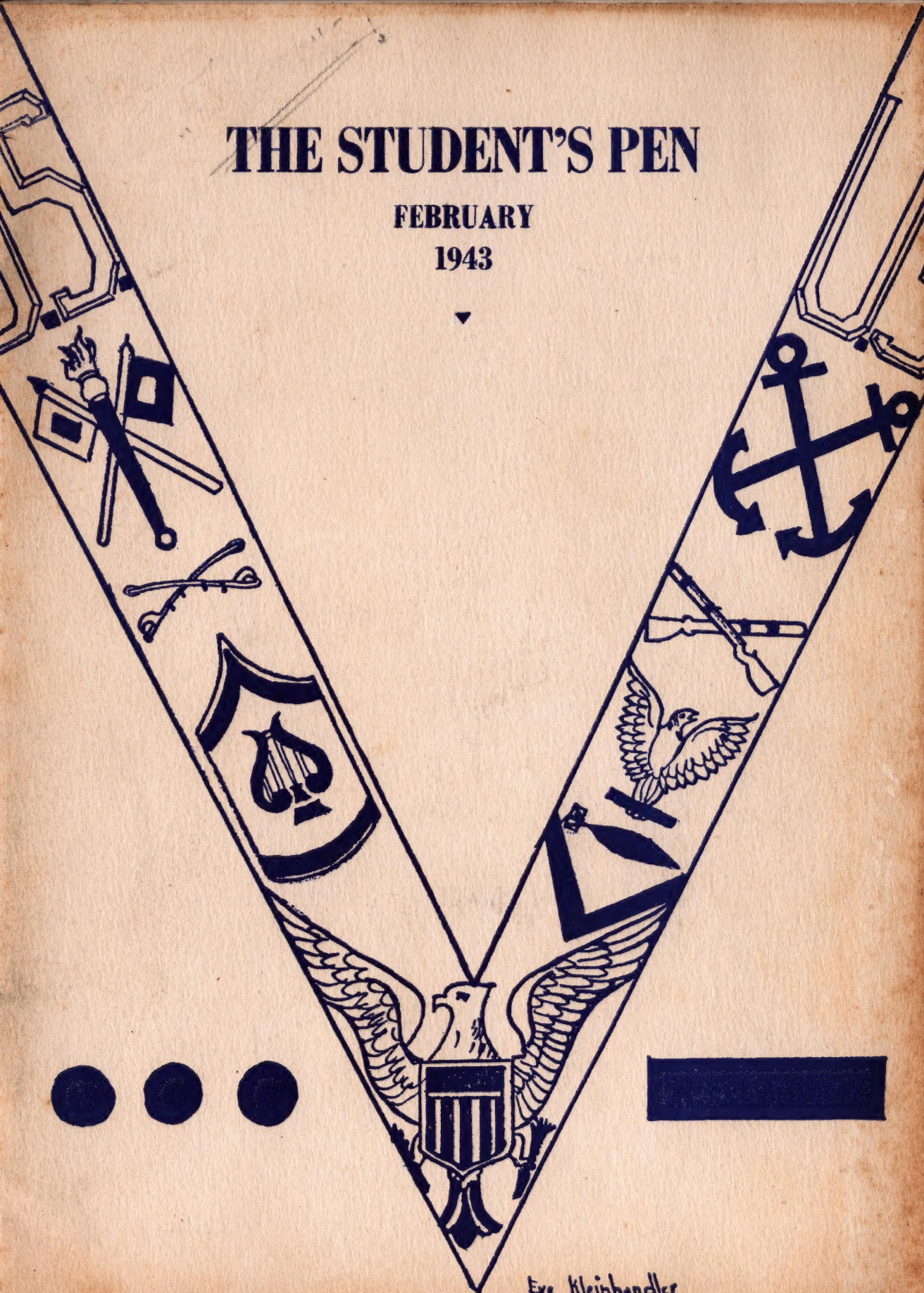


THE STUDENT'S PEN

FEBRUARY

1943



Eve Kleinhandler

The Development of an Electric Company To Serve Western Massachusetts.

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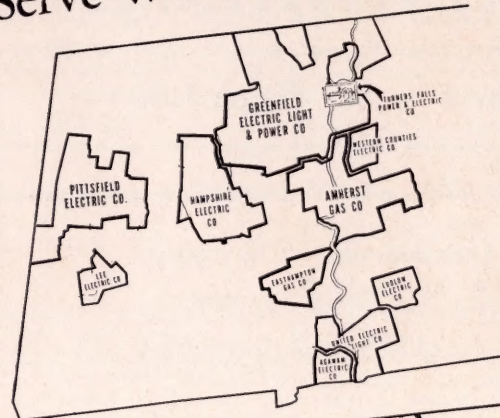
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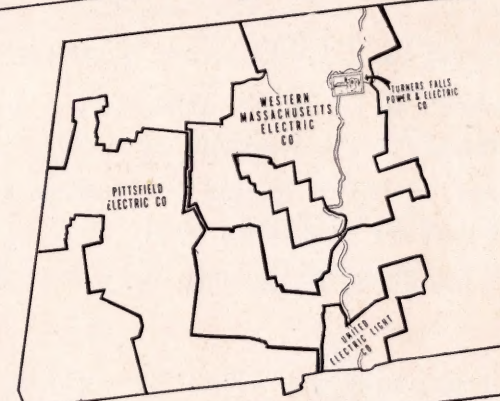
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1927-1930

Eleven electric companies serving thirty-six communities in western Massachusetts became associated for mutual assistance in the solving of common operating and financial problems.



1931-1942

During this period, combined operations were simplified by consolidating the eleven original companies into FOUR companies. Millions of dollars were invested in plant facilities and lines to strengthen interconnections and bring electric service to fourteen additional communities.



NOW - IN 1943--

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As of January 1, 1943, the

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PITTSFIELD ELECTRIC CO.

WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS ELECTRIC CO.

TURNERS FALLS POWER & ELECTRIC CO.

became ONE organization to be called the



WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS ELECTRIC COMPANY

This change in name *does not* change the ownership, the local management, or the policies of your electric company. It merely officially recognizes a community of interest and a unity of purpose that has long guided the development of electric service in this area.

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The Student's Pen

FOUNDED 1893
Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

VOL. XXVIII

FEBRUARY, 1943

No. 4

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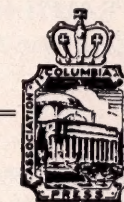


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Gold Stars On Our Service Flag

There are now four gold stars on the Service Flag of P. H. S.

SEAMAN RAYMOND SADLOWSKI
Killed at Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941

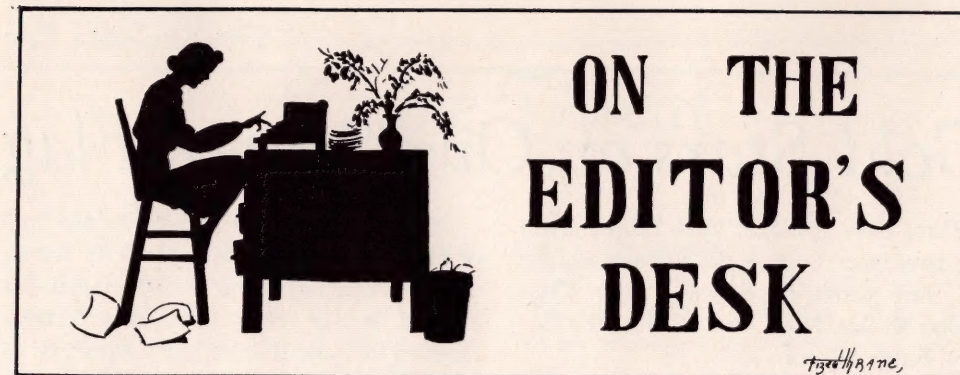
SEAMAN, FIRST CLASS, JOHN WALTER SHIELDS
Killed in the Pacific, 1942

MATE JAMES F. PIERCE
Killed at Guadalcanal, 1942

CORPORAL RALPH HANSON
Died in the Pacific War Zone, 1942

"These laid the world away; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhoped serene
That men call age; and those who would have been
Their sons, they gave, their immortality."

*"From these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for
which they gave the last full measure of devotion."*



America's Resolution: Victory Soon

By June Parker

THE new year is a time for resolutions, resolutions broken and resolutions kept. It is a time for new hopes, new ideals, new dreams. It is a time for renewed interest, added zeal, and a brighter outlook on the future. The year, 1943, marks the beginning of America's march to Victory!

We have entered a new year; we are faced with long months of struggle. During the past year, we have learned that the enemy is strong. But we have also learned something else—that we are stronger. Yes, we are much stronger, because we are a young nation; we have rich reserves of determination and energy, which are just beginning to be tapped.

This year, Americans must make many resolutions. The soldiers in the front lines must resolve to retake the positions lost in 1942; the soldiers on the home front must resolve to make every effort to keep our guns firing, our planes flying, and our ships sailing. The men and women in our war factories must firmly resolve to do away with strikes for the duration—and after. The home-makers must resolve to check themselves and their friends from hoarding; the boys and girls in America's schools must resolve that they will double their efforts to learn as much

as they can in order to become intelligent citizens—not only intelligent American citizens, but intelligent citizens of the world.

America has a glorious heritage. Ever since she was colonized and settled by daring and truth-loving pioneers, she has held high the torch of freedom. Other nations have always looked to America's shores, those shores where Liberty's light always shines bright. And they have been encouraged; they have been given new hope and faith to carry on. In the present crisis, America must not fail. No matter how tired she may become, she must still hold high her torch. Surely she will, for as President Roosevelt said recently, "The state of this nation is good. The heart of this nation is sound. The spirit of this nation is strong. The faith of this nation is eternal!"

This year, we are truly beginning our march to Victory; and if we continue to buy war bonds and stamps, if we refuse to believe wild rumors, if we keep smiling and keep our fighters smiling, if we never lose sight of our goal, then—January 1944 will surely find us, not at the beginning of the road to Victory, not in the middle of it, but at the very end of it!

Gold Stars on Our Service Flag

Three more Pittsfield High School graduates have recently made the supreme sacrifice for their country:—Seaman, First Class, Walter Shields, Mate James Pierce, and Corporal Ralph Hanson.

The last day of 1942 brought news that among those who had died gallantly in action was Seaman, First Class, Walter Shields, a graduate of P. H. S. in the Class of 1936. Three days after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Walter enlisted in the Navy. He took his basic training at Newport, R. I., and was immediately assigned to a ship. He saw action in almost every major battle in the Pacific during the past eight months, and somewhere, in the South Pacific he was killed in action.

"Walt" was an active member of the student body, having been on THE STUDENT'S PEN staff, a member of Senior Hi-Y and of the Prom Ticket Committee, and Chairman of Field Day.

Another name on Pittsfield High's Roll of Honor is that of Mate James F. Pierce, who was killed in action at Guadalcanal. He enlisted in the Navy December 6, 1940, received his basic training at Newport, R. I., and was made a hospital apprentice. Last May he was transferred to the Marines with a pharmacist's mate rating. When he enlisted, James was but a junior in high school. Had he stayed on, he would have graduated with the Class of 1942.

Corporal Ralph Hanson joined the United States Marine Corps shortly after the Pearl Harbor tragedy, and then, having completed his training, he was sent into the war zone in the Pacific. Here he became ill and died of bronchial pneumonia.

To his friends Ralph was known as "Hawkeye". While in Pittsfield High, he was an active member of both the ski team and the hockey team. He graduated with the class of '37.

Needed 54,400 Pounds

By Robert Ferry

YES, that is the weight of tin cans needed to fill a freight car, and the next car is scheduled to leave February 14. It must be remembered that we have a reputation to uphold. We had the highest per capita recovery of tin in Massachusetts! Mr. Russell has great praise for the school pupils for the splendid work they did in gaining this honor. For February, let's show Mr. Russell that we can do even better than before.

EVERYBODY, remove the covers and flatten your cans carefully, but stack the covers separately, not in the cans. When you step on a can to squeeze it, put your full

weight on each can so that as many cans as possible can be put in the car. Bring your cans to school or take them to your grocer. This is absolutely necessary. There is very little tin coming into our country both because the enemy holds many of the tin mines, and because shipping is scarce. A great deal of tin is being used—some of it alloyed to make bearings for airplane engines, some of it in tin cans to supply food to our service men, and more of it being used for other vital jobs. This is why it is so necessary for you to have your cans turned in by February 14.

Triple Threat

By Lois Dickert

"Hello there."

Trent Haverly, lodge room clerk at Skiers' Paradise, looked up from sorting the mail to see where that lovely voice had originated. A girl stood at the desk and she matched her voice—only she was even lovelier. The clerk was dazed by the dark hair, dark eyes, and pert dimples at the corners of her mouth as she smiled at him.

Trent smiled back dizzily. "Hello. I hope you're here to stay," and he pushed the register nearer her and handed her the pen.

"Yes—for a few days," she told him as she wrote.

"Fine," he said and turned to take a key from the board in back of him.

He passed it over the desk to her. "Your room is 126B."

She thanked him and soon disappeared into one of the elevators.

That was at nine o'clock in the morning. At eleven she came back.

"Would you mind if I take a look at the register?" she asked. "I think a friend of mine is here."

"Go right ahead."

It only took her a few minutes—which was unfortunate, Trent thought.

But just before his lunch hour she put in another appearance—to anything but Trent's regret.

"Back again?"

She laughed a little. "I only want to see the register. I've been told that someone I know is here, and I want to check up."

Before she finished, the boy who took Trent's place at mealtime came, so Trent had to leave.

* * * * *

A dark-haired, dark-eyed girl knocked at the door of 126B. There were sounds of commotion from within and then, after a moment's hesitation, a voice called out, "Come in."

A dark-haired, dark-eyed girl stood in front of the dresser.

"Oh, it's you, Pat," she greeted. Then, "You can come out now, Peg." And a dark-haired, dark-eyed girl tumbled out of the closet.

There they were—three copies of that pretty girl whom Trent Haverly had found so attractive.

"How about the old boy behind the desk downstairs?" Pam asked, seating herself on the bed. "Did he suspect anything?"

"No," Pat said, "I don't think so. I gave him that register line so I could find the room."

"You know," Peg spoke for the first time, "I think I'm going to like this. Not a soul here knows there are three of us. The trouble back home is that everybody knows we're triplets. And it does get awkward at times."

"How true, sister Peg. But at present all my interests are centered on getting myself on the outside of a nice hot dinner. How about the rest of you?"

It was a conventional question. Pam didn't expect an answer—just a mad rush. Fortunately, though, Pat's head cleared just as they were opening the door.

"Now wait a minute, fellas," she said, closing it. "Remember, there is only one of us now, not three."

"Say, old dear, you're right," Pam laughed. "Methinks we'll have to go one at a time. And I'm sure you'll let a starving sister go first."

With that she was gone.

Pam found the dining-room large and cheery. She chose a table near a window so that she could look out over the snow-sheeted hills.

A short waiter with a large nose and slight moustache took her order. She was eating when—

"Hello."

She recognized the room clerk. "Oh, hello."

"Mind if I sit down?"

"No. Certainly not."

"Did you find the friend you were looking for?"

"No," Pam said. "No, I didn't."

"That's too bad. Are you here alone?"

"N—." She remembered just in time.

"Yes," she lied.

"Well, I certainly can't let a young girl like you go out on the slopes alone. I have the rest of the afternoon off," he hinted openly.

"How nice," Pam breathed.

"I think I'm lucky. It gives me a chance to save you from the awful fate of being alone on the slopes."

Pam smiled. "That's too sweet of you." Then she added, "Oh, incidentally, my name is Pam Stanton. Shall I yell 'Hey!' when I want you?"

"Oh, no. Please yell 'Trent'. That's my name, Trent Haverly."

They set the time at two o'clock because Pam knew she'd have to wait till Pat and Peg had eaten.

By some strange turn of fate Peg chose the same table at which Pam had eaten. The same waiter with the large nose and slight moustache took her order. He looked surprised to see her again so soon.

"You back already?" he asked.

Peg looked at him. "Already? Oh!" she laughed. "Yes. I guess I'm still hungry."

While she was eating, a stout lady with tight curls all over her head took the chair on the other side of the table.

"Hello, dearie," she oozed.

One of those women, Peg thought, to whom everybody, known and unknown, is "dearie".

"How do you do?" Peg said.

"Poorly, dearie, poorly," the woman said. "Don't know why I ever came here."

Peg was enjoying this. "Oh, but it's beautiful here. I love it!" She wanted to lead her on by sounding enthusiastic.

"You would, dearie, you're young yet," the woman went on in her complaining voice. "But when you get so old as I am it isn't quite so much fun. I guess I thought I could take it though."

She sat in woeful silence for a moment. Suddenly her face lit up.

"Dearie!" she exclaimed. "Would you do me a favor?"

Peg wasn't going to commit herself. "What is it?" she asked.

"Having somebody young and pretty like yourself around would help. Would you ski with me this afternoon?"



Peg's eyes bulged. "Why—why," she stammered. "I think I might—"

"Oh, dearie, you will?"

Peg tried to get out of it. "But I was going to say, Miss—Mrs.—"

"Mrs. Tolliver. And I'll see you at two-fifteen in my room—137A. Oh, dearie, you're wonderful!" she added and was gone.

For one fearful moment Peg had thought La Tolliver might have kissed her. But she hadn't. Peg breathed again.

When Peg finished eating, she went back to the room and told Pat about the Tolliver woman. They planned to work in shifts so that one of them would not have to be with her all the time.



By the time Pat finally got down to the dining room she was more than just hungry.

"Bring the order as fast as you can," she told the large-nosed waiter. "I'm starved!"

He gulped and stared. "Starved!" he gasped.

"Please don't just stand there. I'm hungry!"

Off he stumbled, shaking his head and muttering to himself.

* * * * *

Gay, laughing crowds thronged the slopes. The snow and the temperature had been falling steadily all night so that the slopes were in wonderful condition.

Pam and Trent were in wonderful condition too. Pam found Trent to be an excellent skier and since Pam fell into the same category, they were having a gay old time together.

The unfortunate Peg, however, was having a miserable time. Mrs. Tolliver's conversation was boring. She was an awkward skier, too, being off her feet more than on. The one thing that kept Peg going was the knowledge that Pat would come to take over. But Pat didn't show up until 3.30. It was Peg who excused herself for a few minutes but it was Pat who came back. And the Tolliver was none the wiser.

Peg was glad to be able to contemplate a decent slope instead of the mole hill that was Mrs. Tolliver's speed. She stood at the top

of the hill preparing to descend when a young fellow, whom she recognized as the room clerk approached her.

"Say, how did you get back so fast?" he cried. "I had my eye on you all the way down and I could swear you just rounded that curve. But this time," he added, "I'm going down with you just to make sure."

After she had been skiing with Trent at least fifteen minutes, Peg realized that he thought she was Pam. But it was so much more fun being with Trent than La Tolliver that she let it go and consequently forgot all about poor Pat and the Tolliver woman.

But Pat wasn't forgetting. When she could stand the woman no longer, she left her and set out in search of Peg.

Meanwhile Pam was looking for Trent from whom she had been separated more than half an hour. It was she whom Mrs. Tolliver saw and pounced on.

"Oh, dearie," she cried in her loud voice, "you're back at last!" and immediately proceeded to take possession of her. Pam couldn't figure it out at first but resigned herself with a weary sigh.

Pat was still looking for Peg when Trent found her.

"Say, where've you been? I've been looking all over for you."

Pat was plainly puzzled. "Huh?" she said.

"Now don't give me that 'huh' business, Pam Stanton! You act as though you didn't know me and you've been with me all afternoon."

In an instant he had grabbed her arm and she was sliding down the slope after him. They were half-way down when Pat saw that other person cross their path and knew they couldn't make it.

"Watch out!" she yelled.

But it was too late. The next moment everything was a tangle of legs and skis. It was with much difficulty that they were able to undo themselves and when, at last, they

(Continued on page 23)

Something Missing

By Paul Perry

MY mother's voice drifted up the stairs, rousing me from my slumbers.

"Wake up, Paul, it's ten of nine. We're going to Sunday School today, you know."

Sunday School! I snuggled deeper into the blankets. The windows were thickly frosted. It was probably ten below outside. I had half a mind to turn over and go back to sleep. But I struggled out of bed and shivered into my clothes, the goose-pimples standing out on my skin.

Mother and Dad were eating breakfast when I came into the dining room and peered at the thermometer. I almost staggered back in my amazement. It was nineteen below!

"We aren't going to Sunday School in this weather, are we, Mom?"

"Of course, dear; this is Christmas Sunday." Mentally I kicked myself for getting out of a nice, warm bed. I didn't feel like going to Sunday School. Besides, it didn't seem like Christmas. The Christmas tree was in the living room, trimmed and covered with presents; the snow formed a white blanket outside on the ground. It was only five days before Christmas, yet something was missing.

We stood on the street corner, shivering, waiting for the bus to come along. Mother

was bundled up to the ears, and my collar was turned up against the cold, but we were still chilly. Finally the bus pulled up beside us, and we started on our way to church.

The warmth of the vestibule was welcome after the bitter cold outside. I hung up my hat and coat, took off my rubbers, and went into the parish house. There I sat in the old familiar pew and listened to the faint hum of the organ. Then, as we started to sing the first carol, I began to get back some of the peace I lacked.

"O, Little Town of Bethlehem"—on the wings of music my spirit went soaring far beyond the austere walls of that simple little church, across the continent to where my brother was on duty at a navy yard.

"Wonder if he misses not being home for Christmas," I thought, "Wonder if he misses me as much as I miss him." Somehow he seemed closer to me while that beautiful music filled the room. During the next hymn I closed my eyes and thanked God that I had again found the true spirit and peace of mind that should go with Christmas. A great hunger had been filled. The something missing was there once more.

The Need of War Bonds

By Robert M. Boland

Yesterday I bought my first war bond. I paused a moment on the way home and looked about me. The snow was swirling all around and the afternoon sky was white. I thought of what that bond would mean to some soldier in a far-off land. Eighteen seventy-five; it took a lot of quarters to make that much, but I knew it was worth the effort, for clutched tightly in my hand was the means of life or death for some soldier. Those words in-

scribed on it did not spell money; they foreshadowed a sooner peace.

I knew I had done something to help. I felt that if each American realized the need for purchasing war bonds he would buy more and more. Bonds mean money, money means ammunition, and ammunition means victory.

Suddenly I knew how much brighter that sky looked filled with snow and not with bombs, so I did just what each and every American would do; I bought another bond.



LET'S TALK ABOUT THE THEATRE



By Francis Molloy

VAUDEVILLE, although not recognized as a part of the legitimate theatre, is an indispensable part of the entertainment world. The word came from Van de Vere, a village in Normandy, where popular songs were composed. Webster defines the term as follows: A series of disconnected songs, dances, farcicals, acrobatic feats, dialogues, monologues, and so forth." This form of entertainment, with all its ham, has always been one of the most popular among the American people and will continue to be so as long as the theatre exists.

With the coming of the radio and Hollywood, vaudeville in the flesh temporarily hibernated; the spirit, however, was recalled by some films, radio programs, and floor shows. The stage shows which we often see coupled with movies are what is known as modern vaudeville.

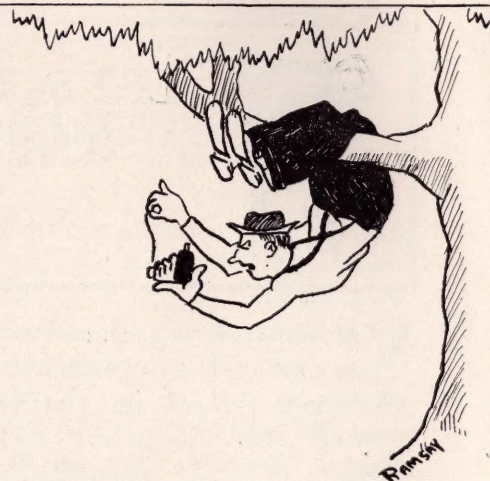
The rebirth which is the nearest thing to old-time vaudeville came with Clifford Fischer's "Priorities of 1942". Although I was slightly disappointed with the performance, because it lacked elaborate scenery and costumes, I could not help but enjoy the excellent talent in the show. The production opened with an appropriate chorus by the Versailles Beauties entitled "Vaudeville Is Back." It didn't take very long to convince the audience that vaudeville *was back* to stay! Among the most notable acts were the nonchalants, a group of excellent skaters who knew their business; those well-known and well-liked comedians Willie Howard and Phil Baker; that virtuoso of the piano Hazel Scott, who played among other numbers, a beautiful interpretation of "Brown Eyes"; and Paul Draper, a dancer, who not only "tapped" but

did jitterbugging to classical and popular music. To "Priorities" can be attributed the thanks for the rebirth of vaudeville. The show opened in New York on March 12 at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre and is now, I believe, on tour.

Modern vaudeville performances are flourishing, and some of them are very good. Last fall I had the pleasure of seeing one of these in Hartford, Connecticut. The star of the show was none other than Beatrice Kay, the beautiful comic singer of the "Gay Nineties". I was not disappointed with that show, which, by the way, is one of those that are "sandwiched" between movies. Miss Kay met all my expectations, and I was surprised to find on the same bill such talent as that of Larry Adler, an harmonica virtuoso, who played with great skill Ravel's "Bolero". The orchestra leader was Dick Strobiles. Most of you probably never have heard of him; but I predict that you'll hear a great deal of him in the future.

But it makes no difference which you see, the modern or old-time vaudeville, the appeal is there, the appeal that has made vaudeville an American institution. No, vaudeville is not dead, but rather flourishes nearly as much as it did a dozen years ago. I hope that some time Pittsfield will see the day when vaudeville will make its regular week-end appearance as it did not so long ago. No, it wasn't so long ago, for I remember well how I used to be a half hour early for each one-thirty performance on Saturday afternoon, and then stay for the four o'clock and sometimes even the seven o'clock performances. Vaudeville is back, but when is it coming to Pittsfield?

WHO'S WHO



EVELYN TAINTER

PRIMA DONNA

This lovely damsel is Evelyn Tainter, a sophomore no less, who has the lead in this year's operetta. Yes, the Tainter who did such a good job in "Iolanthe" last season is her brother. Evey is a member of Beta Tri-Hi-Y and A Capella Choir. She loves figure skating, dancing, and cooking. In fact, she's a pretty good hand at everything. So make your reservations early, fellas!

LEADING MAN

If at any time during the next three months you notice a harried-looking senior humming strange tunes to himself, don't be alarmed. It's just Francis Molloy tuning up for this year's operetta "The Yeomen of the Guard", in which he has the leading male role. You didn't know Franny was musically inclined? Confidentially, we didn't either, although we should have guessed it because he's the fellow who writes the column "Let's Talk About the Theatre" for THE PEN. Incidentally, his main interest "outside of school" is a certain brunette. Of course, you couldn't guess who that is!



FRANCIS MOLLOY

EDITOR

Introducing Bronislaw Morowski, known to his friends as "Benny." He is a graduate of Pontoosuc Jr. High. He has been a member of the baseball team for two years. He is a shy fellow, but has an unlimited source of energy. As far as girls go, they don't disturb him in the least, so you of the fairer sex might well use your talents on other young men. One of the better students, he has been elected Editor of the Senior Year Book, a task with which we are sure he will be highly successful.



BRONISLAW MOROWSKI



JAYNE HEARN

BONNY BLONDE

Jayne "Jinx" Hearn. (Ask her about that middle name). If you don't know this popular blonde gal personally, then it's a cinch that you have had her voice wafted to you via the sound waves of WBRK, as she is a prominent member of the Radio Guild and has high aspirations in that field. If we are anyone to judge, the future looks mighty bright for her.

NAVY MAN

"I'm in the Navy now" is Junior Class President John Formel's favorite song. One reason why John is joining the Navy is probably that the Navy serves tempting and delicious full course meals, for he is a man of all foods. Alas! Our future football team is going to lose one of its ablest leaders for John was chosen co-captain. However, he will soon be a valuable player on the All American Navy team against the Axis. Lots of luck, "captain"!!!

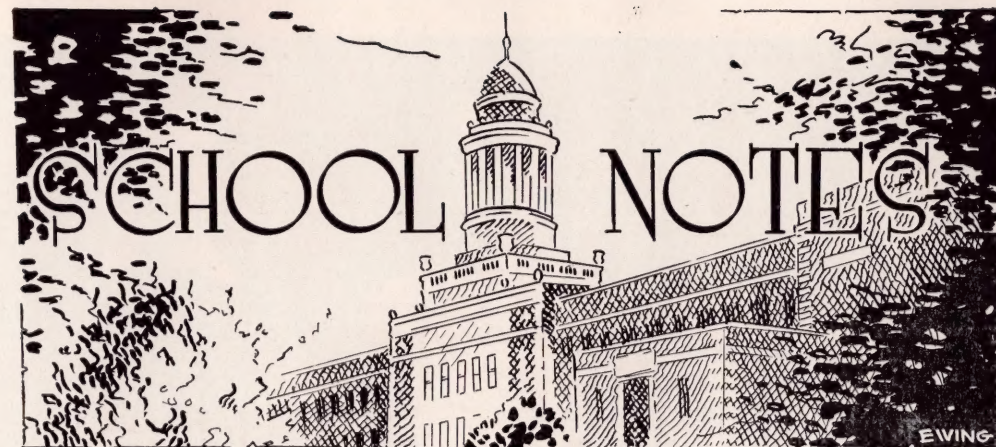


JOHN FORMEL



ALLways something - even
if it is your age

Fred Thorne



OUT OF THE CLASSROOM

The war has really hit home at Pittsfield High during the past few months. More and more of the fellows of our senior class are marching off to war. During December and January, such notables as Aubrey Desmond, Pete Taber, Ed Scharmann, and LaForest Smith have sprouted sea legs and taken to tight pants. The Marine Corps has also taken its toll. Bill Kellogg, Ralph Ringey, Clinton Shaw, all '43, are now training at Parris Island, N. C. Eugene Merritt has entered the army. This list is only partial and short indeed compared with what it will be by graduation time, but it helps us realize more fully just what we are in and the sacrifices that will have to be made before this horrible mess is cleaned up.

"SCHOOLS AT WAR"

By Edith Bornstein

The "Schools At War" Scrapbook has been progressing very rapidly. The scrapbook has already been received; and since the scrapbooks have been so late in arriving, the date of sending in the books has been postponed to March 6.

Miss McCormick has charge of all the material and she, together with her committee—Jane Tabor, Eleanor Kornfeld, and Helen Beauchmeir—is assembling it.

Mr. Joyce has listed the many vital war machines such as tanks and jeeps which the

purchase of war saving stamps and bonds permit us to buy, and Bob Boland is illustrating them.

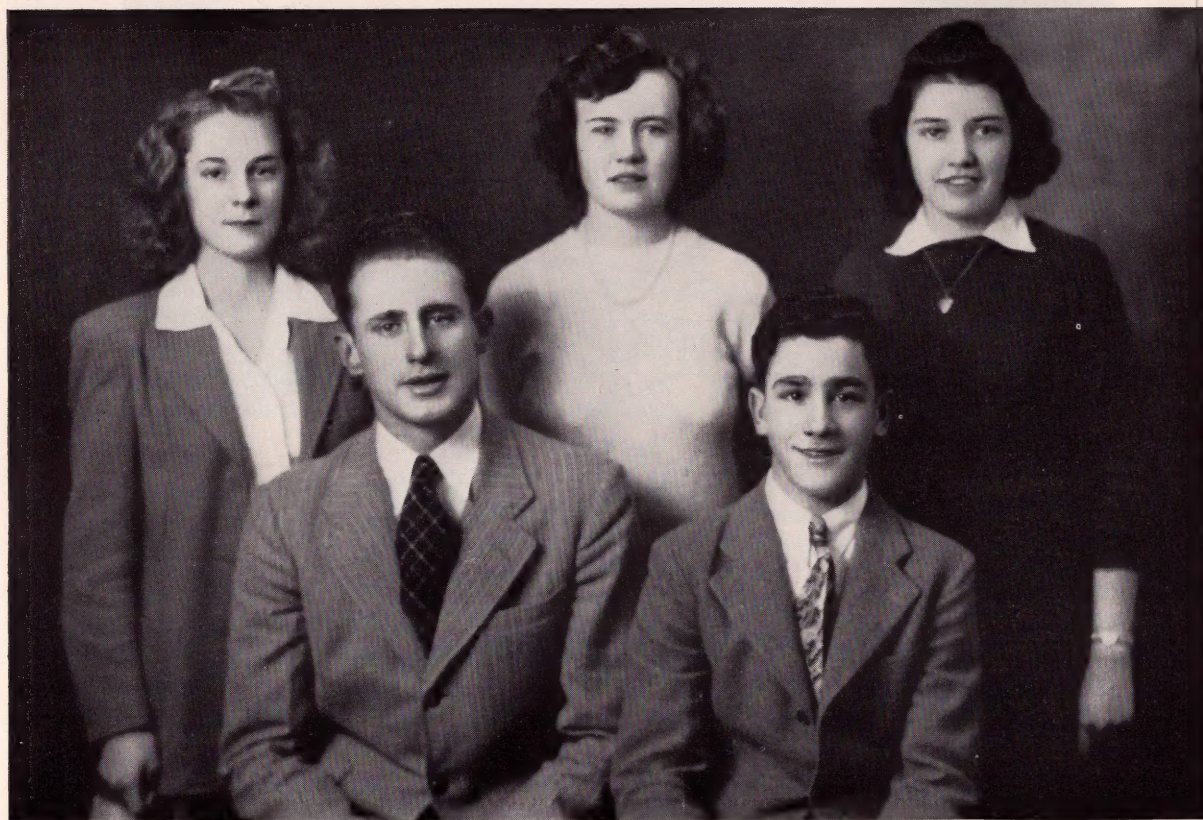
William Hughes has collected articles from former newspapers which contained news about our many school activities.

Roger Stewart is taking pictures about the school such as the clever illustrations about the progress of the classrooms in tin can collections and stamp purchases which are on the black boards of Miss Bulger's and Mr. Reynolds's homerooms.

All the committees are doing a splendid job, and so too, is Mr. Herrick, who is chairman of the entire program.

OPERETTA ORCHESTRA

Chosen to play in the orchestra for "The Yeomen of the Guard" are the following pupils: Violins—Barbara Lind, Robert Quatrochi, Joseph Pizzonia, Edwin Shears, Dolores Clark, Ruth Smith, Robert Gibbs, Clarence Hovey, Thomas Woitkoski, Vito Sperlungo, Marjorie Holly, Lucille Roberts; Cellos—Rodman Henry, Eva Kleinhandler, Beryl Dwyer, Arlene Goldstein; Oboe—Dorothy Holly; Flutes—Lois Youngs, David Bates; Clarinets—Dante Barzottini, Marilyn Miner; Trumpets—Doris Brennen, Alice Wood; Horns—Lillian Clark, Marilyn Cooper; Trombones—Patricia O'Brien, John White; Opera Accompanist—Warren Rich.



OFFICERS OF CLASS OF 1944

President, John Formel 2nd Vice President, Romeo Paperia
 Secretary, Ann Fairfield Treasurer, Jane Granfield 1st Vice President, Helen Beauchemin

NEWS FROM THE FRONT

Compiled by Barbara Conlin and Delight Bullock

Our "Write A Fighter" letters have evoked some interesting and amusing replies as the following excerpts will show.

Here's a Signal Corps trainee who's all in a dither. He writes:

"They're in such a hurry for radio operators that they don't give us much time off from school. I'm getting dot and dash crazy. When I hear a horn blow two short toots, I say "I". If a light blinks three times, I say "S". This code business drives you crazy."

From one of our army officers:—

"You mentioned the letters you're writing in school to the fighters every month. Here at Fort Mason I'm bunking with several chaplains, one of whom received 18 letters from an eighth grade class in one of his former parishes. He passed them around so the rest of us could read them, and I never thought eighth graders could write such interesting little letters."

February, 1943

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And many will appreciate this bit from a sailor's letter:

"I've had so many inoculations, that my sleeve rolls up by itself."

Here's a bit of scenery as viewed by one of our service men:

"I am parked in my 'jeep' about fifty feet from the edge of a tiny lake, which ripples softly in the gentle breeze. The sun, in all its glorious splendor, is slowly dropping toward the opposite horizon, making a track of gold across the lake. In the distance are the base and the city of Orlando, bathed in the golden radiance of the declining rays. As the sun drops farther and farther, the scene becomes more impressive it seems. The shadows lengthen; tiny clouds, unseen before, suddenly become flaming castles of blended color."

And, by way of contrast, here's another picture:—

"The other day I was shaving, and right in the middle of it, I had to go out and stand in formation to hear our orders. I certainly did look like a fool standing there with my face all lather and no shirt on."

Proof that military life has its lighter moments is the following item:—

"We generally have a few minutes to wait before the arrival of our instructor in navigation. During those few idle moments, a rather lonely black and white dog strayed into the classroom. The fellows in the front row petted him and invited him to sit in a chair in the center of the row, which he very cutely did. When the instructor walked into the hushed room, the section leader arose, saluted and solemnly said, 'K—9 (canine) squadron all present, sir!'"

They feel sorry for us!

"The chow here is wonderful, and the best part is that there's a lot of it! A few of the boys in our barracks heard so much about how starved folks at home are, because of all the rationing, and so they have decided to

pack some food and send it home to their families."

Even KP duty has its compensations:—

"Not long ago I had a most enjoyable experience called K. P. It's really 'very easy.' The hours are from 4.30 A. M. to 11.00 P. M. I was so tired I couldn't even talk, but I did manage to fill up my pockets with oranges."

The Army Air Corps offers some thrills!

"I bet you would get the same queer feeling I did the first time we did a slow roll. Boy, to hang suspended by a mere safety belt really is a sensation, I can assure you!"

Teachers, take heed! A soldier correspondent writes:—

"You may thank your English teacher for me for thinking up such a sociable assignment. A soldier never gets too much mail you know."

CHEMISTRY TEST

By Paul Perry

Mother, shed a tear for me,
 Here I go to chemistry,—
 We're going to have a test today;
 Heaven guide me on the way.

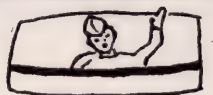


HCL, its kith and kin,
 All get underneath my skin;
 Though I like him, Prof and I
 Just don't jive on FORMULAE.

"Find the valence of HC"
 Strikes a dismal chord in me,—
 "Base plus acid."—what the heck,
 I don't know to save my neck.

"Why is starch solution milky?"
 Teacher asks in accents silky;
 Though I rack my brains to think,
 Knowledge gives me not a wink.

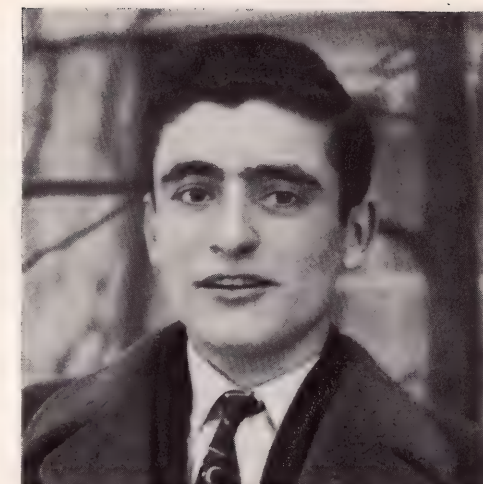
Soon it's over, now I wait,
 Wondering about my fate,—
 Sure am I as sure can be,
 I won't pass in chemistry.

CALENDAR

January  Pullman  Good Luck Mr. Newman	February  Victory for PHS	March  1st Salvage Sunday
April  Mr. Herberg's Math Tests	May  Junior Prom	June  Graduation
September  The Little Sophs coming to school with the moon.	October  Mr. Conroy marches off to war.	November  PHS-O St. Joe O
19	December  Dear old Santa	42 E. Kleinhandler

JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES

Boys and girls, here we present Frank Barreca, the most versatile of the P. H. S. seniors. But versatile is hardly the word to describe this talented fellow. He sings, dances, is an accomplished pianist (especially with the "ole boogie-woogie"), acts and writes. Frank plays the part of the jester in "Yeoman of the Guard", is a member of Senior Hi-Y, sings in the A Capella Choir, has a lead in the Hi-Y play, and is an active member of the radio class. We feel certain that Frank will be a great success in his chosen vocation.



FRANK BARRECA

SONG BIRD

This popular miss has the role of Dame Carruthers, the housekeeper of the tower, in this year's "Yeomen of the Guard." Well-known and well-liked for her spontaneous wit and charming smile, Phyllis embarks on her second role in Gilbert and Sullivan. Although she has been suffering from a severe cold lately, we are sure that such a voice as hers will not be impaired. Good luck, Phyllis!



PHYLLIS COOLEY

HUMORIST—JEAN PEIRSON

Perhaps you are wondering why Jean's picture has appeared twice in "Who's Who." Well, as anyone could well see, the first picture was most unjust and unflattering of so charming a person as our Humor Editor. Therefore, THE PEN staff, in order to have a clear conscience, decided that the only right thing to do was to present Jean as she really is. So here, boys and girls, is the true Jean Peirson. Quite an improvement on the picture in the November PEN, don't you think so? (Now you can sleep without nightmares, Jean!)



JEAN PEIRSON

JUNE

A month full of activity:—Class Day, graduation, senior prom, and banquet. Thus the seniors passed out through the portals of P. H. S. to various paths of work, to seek higher knowledge, or to enter the armed forces. The jolly juniors became sophisticated seniors (well tried to, anyway). The biting-nail stage of the sophomores was over as they passed to their 11th year.

To Modestino Criscitiello, Editor of "THE PEN", and to Gloria Granfield, Advertising Manager, orchids for a successful year!! Thanks were also due to Miss Kaliher, Senior Class Adviser, and Mr. Reagan, Business Adviser, for their unsurpassable aid in bringing the Seniors through Commencement.

And so, we went on our individual ways (mostly "sleepin' in the sun") to spend many happy summer days.

SEPTEMBER

If this month seems slightly "off",
Don't be cranky, don't be cross,
For my brain was rather lost—
'Cause then I entered as a Soph!
(and still am, for that matter).

We started off to school (in the dark) and what an effort to fall (or rather, get pulled) out of bed at 29 minutes after eight! Then the fun began (for the teachers). We received our books!

Missing from the faculty as school opened was Mr. McKenna, who during the summer had entered the army.

OCTOBER

Adjusted to midnight darkness at 7.30 A. M.; we settled down to our studying.

(Do you dispute my word?)

June Parker became the editor of "THE PEN", with Ginny Stafford as Advertising Manager. Lolly Easland was our new drum majorette (take it easy, boys), Pat Hughes headed the Senior Picture Committee, and LaForest (Smittie) Smith and Frannie Fields served as co-captains of our ever-fighting football team.

Mr. Conroy, Senior Class Adviser, left for the Army Air Corps, and though it meant the loss of "an able and conscientious leader," our Freedom comes and always will come first. Miss Millet was wisely appointed as the adviser, along with Miss Bulger.

The Hi-Y and Tri-Hi-Y Clubs were organized and three new clubs formed.

Many of our graduates and students left to fight for dear 'ole Uncle Sammie, and supplied information for the new column in THE PEN "P. H. S. In Uniform."

Then came the Second Salvage Sunday in which many students participated.

We lost some football games, but, with Mr. Carmody's help, we "wished and wished hard"—with success!!

NOVEMBER

November 1st started our Fats-For-Bullets Campaign. By December the schools throughout the city had collected 3,160 pounds.

P. H. S. 13, Drury 7 (see? !!) On Armistice Day Pittsfield and St. Joe played a good game, which ended with a scoreless tie.

The Victory Corps was introduced, giving opportunities to us students on the home front.

We started the term off right by hearing Stanley Johnston, Chicago Tribune correspondent and author of "Queen of the Flat-tops", at the first A. I. E. E. lecture. He brought the war to our door-step.

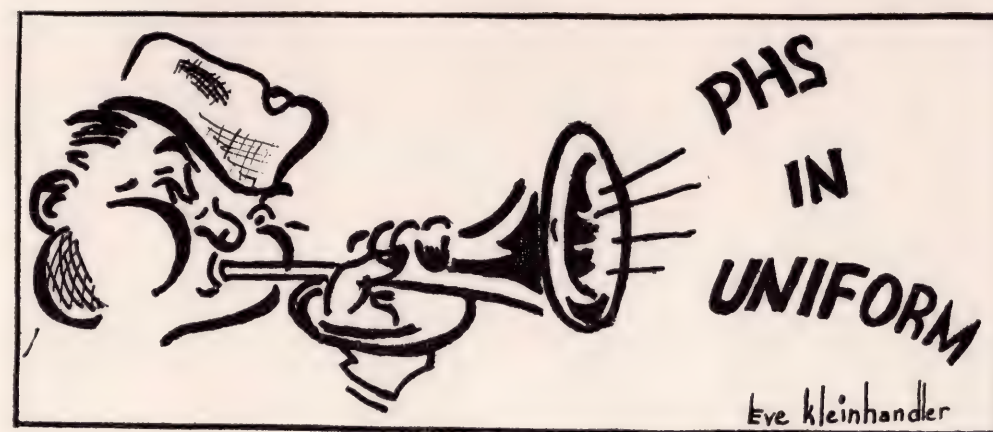
Drifting around the building day after day were boys in uniform, our former pupils, on furlough from the armed services.

DECEMBER

Jingle bells !! Merry Christmas!!!!
(And Mr. Strout changing the wishes to "Join the Victory Corps!")

December 13th our boys helped on trucks for scrap collection.

On December 25th, we all wished that Santa Claus would bring us peace on earth. So 1942 came to an end, and now it's "Victory in 1943."



Foreign Correspondent

From a Pittsfield High graduate now a captain in the U. S. Army in North Africa comes this interesting and informing letter.

December 20, 1942

Sunday night

Dear Folks:—

Censorship regulations forbid my telling you as much as I would like to about this part of the world. We are not allowed to mention towns and cities by name, and the best I can do is say that I am somewhere in North Africa. Probably you can get a pretty good idea of just where in North Africa, from the daily newspapers. The date and method of our arrival is also secret, at least for the present; but I have been here long enough to get a good look at the country.

First of all, this part of the world is controlled by the French, and the predominant language is French. In addition, there is a rather large percentage of Spanish peoples. Arabs, nomads, and all kinds of mixtures in between make up the rest of the population. This part of the world has become a refuge for oppressed peoples in Europe, so practically every nationality is represented. The biggest part of the population are Mohammedan, and mosques are seen everywhere. In the large cities the scenes are those you have seen in the National Geographic Magazine—a startling mixture of the most modern architecture mixed up with medieval castles and mud huts.

Every type of dress imaginable is seen on the streets. The French and Europeans dress in the conventional way, but the Arabs could have stepped right out of a book. They wear the most motley array of clothing you ever saw, and most of them are in rags,—just a big series of patches sewed together. The more wealthy ones wear shoes, but the rest, including all the women, go barefoot. The women invariably wear a big white garment like a sheet, part of which they wrap around their heads and with which they shield their faces, all except one eye, usually the left one. The Arab women are almost always tattooed on the forehead and on both cheeks and sometimes on the chin, and are a very homely, dirty lot. Every road leading out of every town is thronged from morning till night with processions of plodding Arab women, trudging barefoot on the cold, hard-surfaced roads, carrying on their backs tremendous bundles of brush and wood which they have collected twig by twig. Many of the Arabs are highly intelligent, but they are thieves by nature and beggars, or both; and it is well to have as little as possible to do with them. The language here, while based on French, is a combination of French, Spanish, and Arab and causes me all kinds of embarrassment although I can usually make myself understood by the aid of lots of pantomime.

The money is all French. The franc at

present is valued at 75 francs to the American dollar and when we first arrived, everything was very cheap in terms of American money. Now, however, the natives know how much money the average American has and you can get royally stuck if you are not careful. The smallest piece of money is 5 francs and there is very little silver in circulation. The paper money is rather large and very colorful. The 1000 franc note is about four by seven inches and the 500 franc note about five by nine inches. In order to do business you have to carry around a tremendous wad of paper money.

The country itself is very pleasant. The climate is fairly temperate the year round being in the latitude of approximately North Carolina. Right now is the middle of the winter or rainy season and we have had quite a few rainstorms and high winds lately. However, the total rainfall is only about 15 or 16 inches a year, so really the country is semi-arid having no rain at all for months at a time.

It produces large quantities of citrus fruit and cereals and many thousand acres are given over to vineyards. Before the advent of the Germans this country went a long way toward feeding France. During the time Germany had the ascendancy here, however, they stripped the country of all surplus crops and machines and modern automobiles and trucks, as well as guns, etc., and when we arrived the people had been left just about enough to get along on. All their transportation is extremely antiquated and most of it has been converted to burn charcoal, since gasoline is almost unobtainable to the civilian. Most of the hauling is done with horses or mules or burrows and wagons, and it is not an uncommon sight to see a great big horse and a little donkey pulling side by side. The wagons, as a rule, are two wheeled affairs and very, very dilapidated. Many of them have been made from the front or rear ends of old autos whose tires have long since vanished and they bounce over the cobblestones on the rims.

Arabs ride these little tiny donkeys which are not much larger than a good big dog and they sit sideways and kick their bare heels in the donkey's ribs incessantly in a regular rhythm. Women never seem to ride. They always walk. The other day I saw an Arab boy with a goat skin filled with wine slung over his shoulder. He was walking through town with two brass cups and a big brass bell soliciting business.

The country is rather barren with precipitous slopes rising sharply from the seas, as much as 1500 feet. The hills are very rocky, with a kind of volcanic rock which pulverizes easily. The mountains are clothed with brush and scrub, but there are few large trees. Most of the water comes from deep wells and is hard as a rock. We draw our water from a well that is 120 meters deep. There are no fresh water lakes, all being below sea level and of course salt. Very few of the houses, even in the large cities have such luxury as running water, and instead the water is secured in buckets from public faucets, around which a motley crowd is always gathered.

I am glad to be able to report that the French are 100% in favor of American occupation here, and we get along famously. The Arabs are friendly enough but they don't count. They just want to be on the winning side and don't much care who that is. The French have been good colonists and have done a lot for this country, but I don't believe the Arabs are very fussy about being governed by anybody. However, they are very docile and treat the French Officers with great respect.

I am sorry that military censorship prevents me from telling many interesting things about our life here and what we do. What news we hear on the radio continues to be favorable and we are all looking forward to an early conclusion of this whole business. There will be some great stories to tell when we get back to the States. In the meantime we are all well and happy.

It's the Style

By June Ravage

HOLD that line?? No, we're not talking out of season and it's not "the line" of the football field that we're referring to. Believe it or not, it's your waistline? Some among us are beginning to lose sight of the fact that we even have one, and that (no personal slams intended) is meant literally. The holidays have a way of making even the most fastidious along these lines forget themselves, and then the effort to remove those unwanted and—really, when you get right down to brass tacks,—cumbersome pounds, is like trying to move heaven and earth,—unless the problem is attacked sensibly. Don't go on any crazy diet for a day and just about starve yourself, because nine out of ten will use that day of privation as an excuse to gorge themselves on the next. Just eat moderately (no in-between-meal snacks that are so dear to your heart,) and regularly. Exercise will help oodles, and winter is just the season of the year when you can do it the painless way,—under the guise of skiing, skating, coasting, or just plain walking, which, by the way, we'll all be doing plenty of from now on. It's a good idea to hop on the scales (it only really hurts the first time and acts as an incentive) just before you begin your campaign for the acquisition of some of those sylph-like lines. You don't have to let even your best friend in on the grand total (best friends always seem to be so doggone thin and lithe-some) until you have knocked off enough weight to make her realize you mean business this time. And, surprisingly enough, once you start, you yourself won't want to stop until the goal you set (you did set one you know) has been reached, or bettered if possible.

If you are rather up a tree as to just what exercises to do, why not join one of the Vic-

tory Corps physical fitness classes and thus be killing two birds with one stone.

Now that's it! You're doing fine. Bend and stretch and bend and stretch. One, two, one, two. See if you can keep time to your favorite record, it adds interest. Hey there, no jitter-bugging allowed!! Here is a sample of one of the exercises you can do to bring down those waist measurements. Try touching the tips of your right fingers to your left foot and vice-versa about twenty-five times, giving your body a good twist each time your arm swings across.

Remember, it's the style to join the Victory Corps and keep physically fit.

TRIPLE THREAT

(Continued from page 9)

were free, Pat found herself face to face with Peg. They were surprised, but not nearly so much as Trent was.

His eyes bulged. He gulped, "Twins!"

They laughed. "No. Not twins."

"If you two aren't twins," he said, "then my name isn't Trent Haverly."

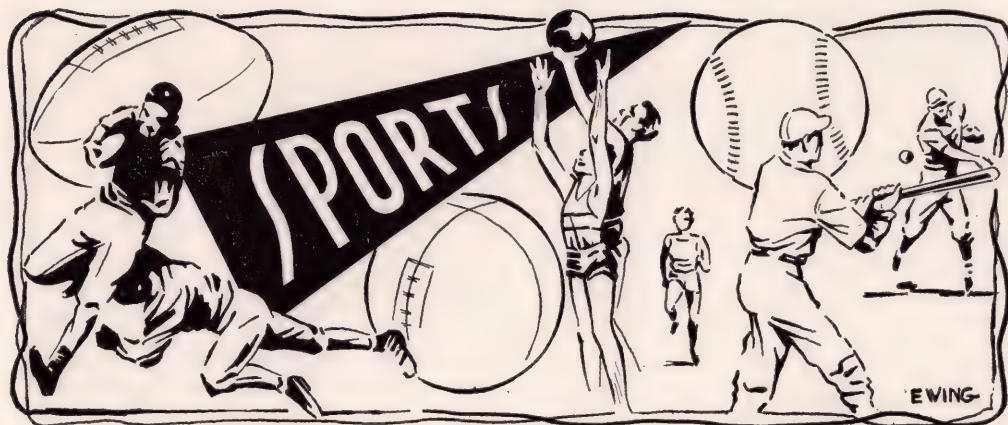
"Isn't it?" Peg exclaimed. "Oh dear, Trent Haverly is such a nice name."

Pat, though, was serious. "We're really not twins. Follow me and I'll prove it to you." She led them the rest of the way down the hill and there they met Pam and Mrs. Tolliver.

Well, you could have knocked Trent and the aforesaid Mrs. T. over with a hairpin. At precisely the same instant their mouths dropped open, and they goggled at each other, dumbfounded. Trent recovered himself first. "Triplets!" he gasped.

Slowly, a grin spread over his face. "Well, I'll be dog-gone!"

Pam and Peg and Pat winked at each other.



Start, Struggle, Showers

By Richard Carpino

On the court-floor of the Pittsfield State Armory, on the night of January 15, P. H. S. and St. Joe encountered each other to stage one of the hottest basketball scraps that have been recorded in this present hoop season. Both squads struggled furiously to gain an advantage. Neither five, however, acquired a serious pace-setter-score until the fight ended. The captains of both quintets were removed from the battle court, and Race trailed his captain's footsteps, while Di Pietro went with his leader. "Bill" Burke was taken from active service after receiving an injury to his knee. The teams were wrangling for ultimate victory at any cost.

Crafty "Bob" Marmorek drew first blood from the foe before ten seconds of playing time had passed. "Bob" smacked Captain Powers of the enemy, and St. Joe started to roll defiantly as Powers converted his free toss. P. H. S. barricaded its goal, but the parochial players thrust forward to capture six more points as well as to withhold Pittsfield from stealing more than four chalkers.

Pittsfield High came back in the second

stage of the struggle and managed to keep up with the foe—15, 15.

The Purple and White hoopsters appeared to be a little more apt with the ball as play was resumed in the third quarter. Captain Bornak struck a lusty thrust with a splendid floor throw which broke the 15-all entanglement. The score lead was passed from one side to the other after Captain Norm's tally. Nimno Di Pietro of St. Joe grabbed a netful of basketballs in unlocking scores for his comrades; his achievements procured a three point lead for St. Joe as the fourth and final scene was begun.

In the last quarter, Race boosted his team's score to equalize that of the hostile squad. Browning followed Race's tracks to the foul line and broke the deadlock. Arlos made the same boost-effort conversion after Joe Boudreau sank a basket. The seconds crept along the face of the clock as P. H. S. was increasing its points. The dust settled, and the score was seen to read, P. H. S., 33; St. Joe, 30.

What a fight!! Ask the "refs" (they saw the fouls better than I).

February, 1943

25

P. H. S. BURIES ADAMS

By William Zalenski

January 13! P. H. S. rooters will remember that night because the quintet carrying the Purple and White banner showed that they are the top contenders for the Northern Berkshire League title and proved to the other teams in the league that the Dalton debacle was a fluke. On that night P. H. S. played Adams in the Mothertown with most observers predicting a close game. Evidently, the P. H. S. athletes failed to be impressed by these reports, and the results were astounding, for when the final whistle blew (much to the relief of the Adams rooters who had sat dumb-founded through the whole game) P. H. S. had been on top by the lopsided score of 41-22.

As the crowd was filing out of the gymnasium, a couple of Adams rooters were overheard to say that their boys must have had a bad night. But they were wrong. Adams did not play a superb game, but they did play well enough to win the average contest. The reason for their defeat was the method in which the P. H. S. players checked them. No matter where an Adams player was, there was always a wearer of the Purple and White trailing beside him. In this way P. H. S. completely broke up the Adams attack and left them shooting wildly at the basket instead of trying to work the ball in. Thus, Pittsfield, whose attack never ceased, turned the game into a complete rout.

In the very first minute of play Adams rooters had an inkling of what was to come as P. H. S. moved right into the lead and was never headed. Adams was helpless before the sharp shooting of the P. H. S. boys, especially Race and Bornak. Thus, when the first quarter came to a close P. H. S. led, 14-6.

In the second quarter a couple of long shots and the conversion of their foul attempts enabled the home team to match P. H. S. point for point, the half ending with the score 22-14 in favor of Pittsfield.

In the third quarter the wearers of the Purple and White continued their devastating play, and as the score mounted steadily one Adams rooter remarked, "They must be getting revenge for that football game," said football game being an Adams 32-0 victory last fall. The echoes of those words may have been heard by the P. H. S. players, for they increased the fury of their attack, and the game ended with P. H. S. pulling away with each succeeding play.

All the P. H. S. players were superb and all played a sparkling floor game. The brunt of the offensive burden was carried by little "Junie" Race and Capt. Norman Bornak, who scored fifteen and twelve points respectively.

P. H. S. BASKETBALL VICTORY

By Donald Morey

Led by husky Bob Marmorek, Coach Stewart's Pittsfield High basketball combine defeated a troublesome Drury quintet at the Armory, Friday, January 8, 1943, by a 32-19 score.

Because of his team's untimely loss to weak Dalton, Coach Stewart changed his lineup for this Drury game. He started Jimmy Garivaltis, an erstwhile guard, and Junie Race at the forward positions and shifted Captain Norm Bornak from forward to the pivot post, the spot he held last year. Joe Boudreau was reinstated alongside Bob Marmorek in the backcourt, and both played the whole game and proved to be the backbone of the Pittsfield attack. Red Brown and Pete Arlos were the only subs P. H. S. used.

Before a large gathering, the Tunnel City five outplayed the home charges for the first eight minutes and led 5 to 3 at the quarter. Pittsfield rallied in the second period and went ahead to stay, on baskets by Marmorek, Bornak, Boudreau, and Race. At the intermission Pittsfield led 12 to 9.

In the second half, the Shire City squad scored twenty points to Drury's ten. At

the three-quarter mark P. H. S. led 22 to 15. Pittsfield worked as effectively in the last sixteen minutes of play as they had in any previous contest this season.

Bob Marmorek, the senior guard, has been the team's most consistent performer all season and reached his peak in this Drury game as he scored thirteen points and played a sparkling floor game.

Final score: Pittsfield 32, Drury 19.

P. H. S. BOWS TO DALTON, 31-30

By William Zalenski

On the night of December 18, an underdog Dalton High quintet defeated P. H. S. in a Northern Berkshire League contest by a score of 31-30. It was a real thriller that was not decided until the last seconds of play.

Dalton took an early lead, but our boys soon cut that down and forged into a first quarter lead of 9-6.

In the second quarter Dalton's long shot artists began to find the range and when they moved into the lead they were never headed until the last few minutes. Thus, when the first half ended, P. H. S. trailed by four points.

Then came the last half! It seemed at first that P. H. S. had found the poise and confidence that had enabled them to score victories over two of the league's better teams, for no sooner had the third quarter begun than Pittsfield had pulled up to even terms. The deadlock did not last long, however, and at the end of the period Dalton led by seven points.

In the last quarter, P. H. S. could not crack Dalton's tight defense until the last two minutes and in those last two minutes all the real thrills of the game occurred. Garivaltis, Race, and Bornak dropped in quick baskets, and Dalton's margin was now only one point and the crowd was in an uproar. Then, Bornak sank a foul shot, and the score was tied, 29-29. There was now only about a half-minute of play remaining and at this time a young Irishman by the name of O'Gara sank one from about half way out and Dalton led 31-29. In his anxiety to keep that lead a Dal-

ton player fouled Bornak with seven seconds remaining. Bornak then sank the first shot, but missed the second one, and the game ended with Dalton victorious 31-30.

P. H. S. PUCKMEN OUTPOINTED, 2-0

By Richard Carpino

A dashing and daring Darrow sextet waged a victorious rink battle against the Pittsfield High puckmen on Wednesday afternoon, January 13, 1943. The Purple and White squad scrapped with the foe defiantly but vainly; for, although Darrow was outplayed and checked diligently by the P. H. S. six, the points were chalked up for the visitors.

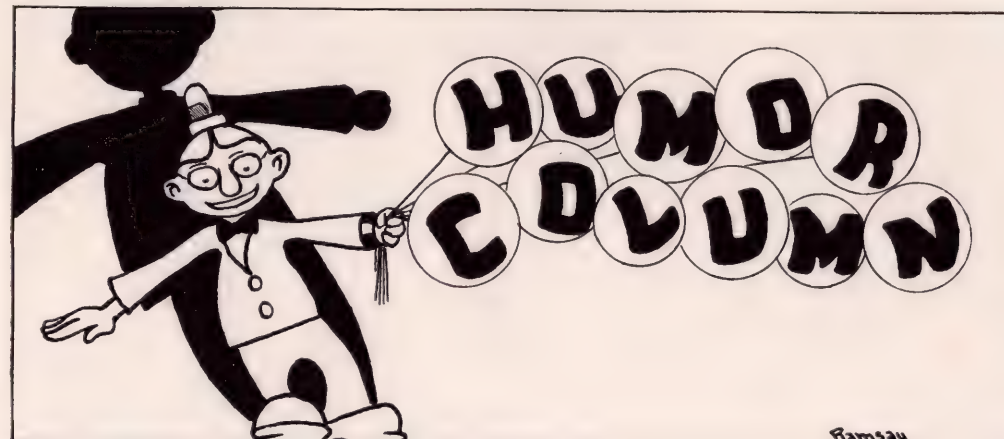
During the latter part of the initial phase of the ice fight, Darrow achieved the upper hand on a sneak-in shot by Plunkett of the Red and White hockey troop. The tally was accomplished as Ed Martin, P. H. S. goalie, was drawn off guard in smothering two tally-tries, seconds before.

Pittsfield High struggled valiantly to remove the impending shadow of defeat as they beat off the foe's offensive charges and loosed a desperate onslaught for the honor of the Purple and White banner—but to no avail.

Although clamped scoreless in the second frame of the hot ice engagement, the enemy cagemen, again under the leadership of Plunkett, snuffed the puck into the net to lead by two "story-tellers." Darrow captured this point by an offensive power play against a one-man-deficit P. H. S. team.

Diminutive Lou Giovannetti captained the P. H. S. rinksters with intelligent coolness. Bill Bunt defended his goal with outstanding ability, preventing a great many would-be scores from being converted. "Woody" Bailey, who is planning on leaving for naval service soon, answered his school's call to battle by worrying the foe with repeated victory thrusts and checks.

The Pittsfield High rink six suffered a defeat in its first encounter; yet the spunk and spirit to win that the squad possesses should victoriously prove itself in future contests.



Father: "What's the big idea wearing my rain coat?"

Son: "Well, you wouldn't want me to get your new suit wet, would you?"

1st student: "The doctor says I'm sound as a nut."

2nd student: "Oh, so you went to a psychiatrist?"

Pat Hughes: "Why do theaters have double features?"

Ginny Stafford: "So that you can't come in the middle of both of them."

Bill Magner says that Mr. Henzel, the photographer, is so busy he's snap happy.

Bob Boland: "I feel like taking Hedy Lamarr out again."

Dick Coulter: "What do you mean, again?"

Bob: "Oh, I've felt like that before."

English teacher: "How do you spell cat?"

Johnny: "K-a-t."

Teacher: "No—Webster spells it c-a-t."

Johnny: "You didn't ask me how Webster spells it—you asked me how I spell it."

Jayne: "I've got to hurry and catch a bus."

Janet: "Don't run. They never start with-out a jerk."

Mr. Lynch: —"when a body is immersed in hot water—"

Barreca: I know—the telephone rings."

SMILE A WHILE

By Edith Bornstein

THE STREET OF REGRET—the corridor to the principal's office.

TEMPTATION—the teacher leaves the room during a test.

I KNOW WHY—reasons for a bad mark on an exam.

JINGLE JANGLE JINGLE—what most test papers look like.

CHEATIN ON THE SANDMAN—the night before a departmental.

SLEEPY LAGOON—pupils in study hall.

MISS YOU—Senior Class' song to Corporal James Conroy.

BREATHLESS—students in the midst of an oral topic.

SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE—Miss Kaliher's matching tests.

WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN—Seniors' favorite song.

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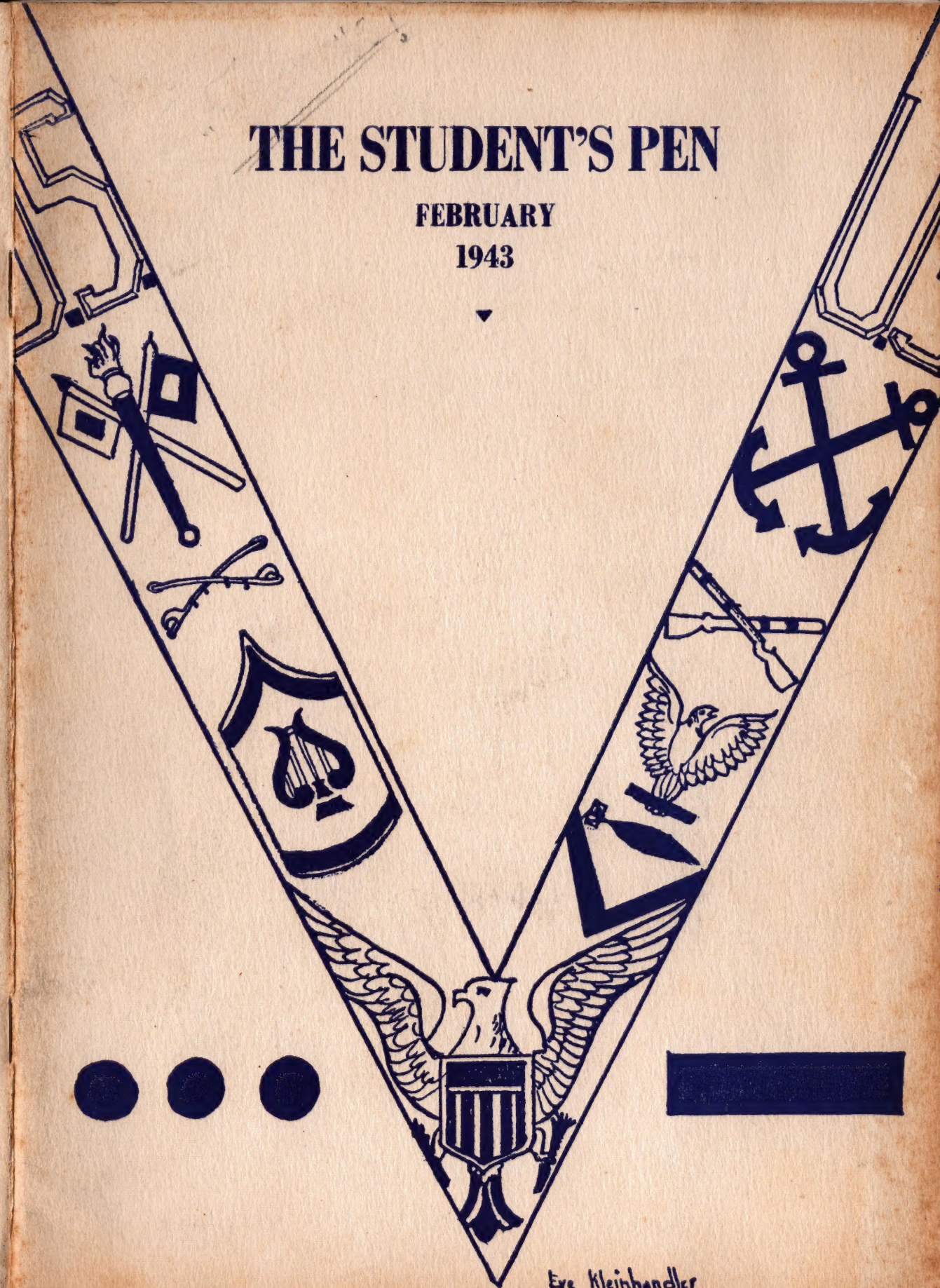
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